

# The Orangeburg News.

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ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

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## THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

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## To My Wife.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Those eyes that were so bright, Love,  
Have now a dimmer shine;  
But all they've lost in light, Love,  
Was what they gave to mine—  
And still those orbs reflect, Love,  
The beams of former hours,  
That ripened all my joys, my Love,  
And tinted all my flowers.  
Those locks were brown to see, Love,  
That now are turned so gray;  
But the years were spent with me, Love,  
That stole their hue away.  
Thy locks no longer share, Love,  
The golden glow of noon;  
But I've seen the world look fair, my Love,  
When silver'd by the moon.  
That brow was fair to see, Love,  
That looks so shaded now;  
But for me bore the care, Love,  
That spoil'd a bonny brow—  
And though no longer there, Love,  
The gloss it had of yore;  
Still mem'ry looks, and dates, my Love,  
Where I hope admir'd before.

## Shaving a Millionaire.

Every body who lives in New Jersey  
will recollect Billy Gibbons, the mil-  
lionaire. He was an eccentric man, and  
numerous stories are told of his freaks.  
Here is one of them:  
It seems that Billy, while in a coun-  
try village, in which he owned some  
property, stepped into a barber's shop  
to get shaved. The shop was full of  
customers, and the old gentleman quietly  
waited for his turn.  
A customer, who was under the bar-  
ber's hands when the old gentleman came  
in, asked the "knight of the razor" in  
an undertone, if he knew who that was?  
and, on receiving a negative reply, he  
informed him, in a whisper, it was "Old  
Billy Gibbons, the richest man in the  
State."

"Gad," said the barber, "I'll charge  
him for his shave."  
Accordingly, after the old man had  
that operation performed, he was some-  
what surprised upon asking the price to  
be told "seventy-five cents."  
"Seventy-five cents!" said he, quietly,  
"isn't that rather a high price?"  
"It's my price," said he of the latter  
brush; independently, "and as this is  
the only barber's shop in the place,  
then as comes into it must pay what I  
ask."

To the old man this was evidently a  
knock-down argument, for he drew  
three-quarters of a dollar from his  
pocket, paid them over to the barber,  
and left the shop.

A short time after he was in close  
conversation with the landlord of a  
tavern hard by, and the topic of conver-  
sation was "barbers' shops."

"Why is it," said he, "there's only  
one barber's shop in the town? There  
seems to be nearly enough work for two."  
"Well there used to be two," said the  
landlord, "till last winter, when this  
new man came up from the city and  
opened a new shop, and as everything  
in it was fresh and new, folks sort of  
deserted Bill Harrington's shop, which  
had been going for nigh fourteen years."

"But didn't this Bill do good work?"  
didn't he shave well, and—cheap?"

"Well, as for that," said the landlord,  
"Bill did his work well enough, but his  
shop wasn't on the main street like the  
new one, and didn't have so many pic-  
tures and handsome curtains, and folks  
got in the way of thinking the new  
chap was more scientific and brought  
more city fashions with him, though, to  
tell the truth," said the landlord, strik-  
ing a chin down with a beard resem-  
bling screen wire, "I never want a high-  
tension or a keener razor than Bill Har-  
rington's."

"City fashions—eh?" growled the old  
man. "So the new man's city fashions  
shut up the other barber's shop?"

"Well, not exactly," said the land-  
lord, "though things never did seem to  
go well with Bill after the new shop  
opened—first, one of his little child-  
ren died of fever; then his wife was sick  
a long time, and Bill had a big bill to  
pay at the doctor's; then, as a last mis-  
fortune, his shop burned down one  
night, tools, brushes, furniture, and all,  
and no insurance."

"Well," said the old man, pettishly,  
"why don't he start again?"

"Start again?" said the communicative  
landlord; "why, bless your soul, he  
hasn't got any thing to start with."

"H—m—m! Where does this man  
live?" asked the old man.  
He was directed, and ere long was in

conversation with the unfortunate ton-  
sor, who corroborated the landlord's  
story.

"Why don't you take a new shop?"  
said the old man; "there's a new one  
in the block right opposite the other  
barber's shop?"  
"What!" said the other, "you must  
be crazy. Why, that block belongs  
to old Billy Gibbons; he'd never let  
one of these stores for a barber's shop;  
they are a mighty sight too good;  
besides that, I haven't got twenty dol-  
lars in the world to fit it up with."

"You don't know old Billy Gibbons as  
well as I do," said the other. "Now  
listen to me. If you can have that  
shop all fitted up, rent free, what will  
you work in it for by the month?—  
what is the least you can live on?"

This proposition somewhat startled  
the unfortunate hair-dresser, who finally  
found words to stammer out that per-  
haps twelve or fifteen dollars a month  
would be about enough.

"Pshaw!" said the old man, "that  
won't do. Now listen to me—I'll give  
you that store, rent free, one year, and  
engage your services six months, all on  
these conditions. You are to shave and  
cut hair for every body that applies to  
you, and take no pay; just charge it all  
to me, and for your services I'll pay you  
twenty dollars a month, payable in ad-  
vance—pay to commence now," con-  
tinued he, placing two ten dollar notes  
on the table before the astonished bar-  
ber—who, it is almost unnecessary to  
state, accepted the proposition, and  
who was still more surprised to learn  
that it was Billy Gibbons himself who  
had hired him.

In a few days the inhabitants of that  
village were astonished by the appear-  
ance of a splendid new barber's shop,  
far surpassing the other in elegance of  
appointments, and in which, with new  
combs, soaps, razors, and perfumes, stood  
a barber and assistant ready to do duty  
on the heads and boards of the people.  
Over the door was inscribed, "William  
Harrington, Shaving and Hair Dressing  
Saloon."

The people were not long ascertain-  
ing or slow in availing themselves of  
the privileges of this establishment, and  
it is not to be wondered that it was  
crowded and the other deserted. The  
other held out some weeks, suspecting  
this free shaving—Bill kept his secret  
well—was but a dodge to entice  
customers away, who would soon be  
charged as usual; but when at the end  
of six weeks he found Billy working  
away as usual, charging not a cent for  
his labor, and having money to spend  
into the bargain, he came to the con-  
clusion that he must have drawn a prize  
in the lottery, or stumbled upon a gold  
mine, and was keeping a barber's shop  
for fun, so he closed his shop in despair,  
and left the place.

Meantime, "Bill Harrington" kept on  
busy as a bee, and one fine morning his  
employer stepped in, and, without a  
word, sat down and was shaved; on ris-  
ing from his chair he asked to see the  
score for the six months past. The bar-  
ber exhibited it, and after a careful cal-  
culation, the old man said:  
"Twenty of customers, eh?"

"Well," replied Money Bags, "you have  
kept the account well. I see I've paid  
you one hundred and twenty dollars for  
services,—all right—and there are three  
hundred and thirty charges for shaving  
all that applied; now, this furniture  
cost one hundred and eight dollars;  
balance due you one hundred and two  
dollars. Here it is. Now you own this  
furniture, and are to have this shop rent  
free six months longer, and after to day  
you are to charge the regular price for  
work, for your pay from me stops to-  
day."

This of course the barber gladly ac-  
cused to.

"But said the old man, on leaving,  
"take care you never cheat a man by  
charging ten times the usual price for  
a shave; for it may be another 'old  
Billy Gibbons.'"

An Irish paper publishes the follow-  
ing: "A dead man named Taff was  
run down and killed by the passenger  
train on Wednesday morning. He was  
injured in a similar way about a year  
ago."

Stingless bees are the latest inven-  
tion of an Ohio apian, who has at  
last produced a superior bee whose foot  
is not warmer than that of the common  
horsefly. Honey thieves will be glad  
to learn where these bees are at work.

## Weather wise Animals.

An indefatigable meteorologist has  
gathered some curious observations on  
certain animals who, by some peculiar  
sensitivity to electrical or other atmos-  
phere, often indicate changes of the  
weather by their peculiar motions and  
habits. This:

**Ants.**—An universal bustle and  
activity observed in ant hills, may be  
generally regarded as a sign of rain; the  
ants frequently appear all in motion  
together, and carry their eggs about  
from place to place. This is remarked  
by Virgil, Pliny and others.

**Bats** flitting about late in the evening  
in spring and autumn, foretell a fine day  
on the morrow; as do some insects. On  
the contrary, when bats return soon to  
their hiding places, and send forth loud  
cries, bad weather may be expected.

**Beetles** flying about late in the even-  
ing often foretell a fine day on the mor-  
row.

**Butterflies**, when they appear early  
are sometimes forerunners of fine  
weather.

**Moths and Sphinxes** also foretell fine  
weather when they are common in the  
evening.

**Cats** when they wash their faces, or  
when they seem sleepy and dull, foretell  
rain.

**Chickens**, when they pick up small  
stones and pebbles and are more noisy  
than usual, afford a sign of rain, so do  
hens rubbing in the dust, and clapping  
their wings, but this applies to several  
kinds of fowls, as well as to the  
gallinaceous kinds. Cocks when they  
crow at unwatched hours, often foretell  
rain; when they crow all day, in sum-  
mer particularly, a change to rain  
frequently occurs.

**Dolphins** as well as porpoises, when  
they come about a ship, and sport on  
the surface of the water, betoken a  
storm.

**Dogs**, before rain, grow sleepy and  
dull, lie drowsily before the fire, and are  
not easily aroused. They also often  
eat grass which indicates that their  
stomachs, like our are apt to be dis-  
turbed before changes of the weather.  
It is also said to be a sign of a change  
of weather when dogs howl and bark  
much at night. Dogs also dig in the  
earth with their feet before rain, and  
often dig deep holes in the ground.

**Ducks.**—The loud and clamorous  
quacking of ducks, geese, and other  
water fowls is a sign of rain, as it is,  
also, when they wash themselves, and  
flutter about in the water more than  
usual. Virgil has well described all  
these habits of aquatic birds.

**Fishes** when they bite more readily  
than usual, and gambol near the surface  
of pools and streams, foretell rain.

**Flies** and various sorts of insects be-  
come more troublesome, and sting and  
bite more than usual before, as well as  
in the intervals of rainy weather, par-  
ticularly during the Autumn.

**Frogs** by their clamorous croaking,  
indicate rainy weather; as does also  
their coming about in great numbers  
during the evening, this last sign ap-  
plies more obviously to wart toad.

**Geese** washing, or taking wing with a  
clamorous noise, and flying to the water  
betokens rain.

**Gnats** afford several indications.  
When they fly in vortex in the beams  
of the setting sun, they foretell fine  
weather. When they frisk about more  
widely in the open air at evening they  
betoken heat; and when they assemble  
under trees, and bite more than usual,  
they indicate rain.

**Hops**, when they shake the stalks of  
corn and soil them, often indicate rain.  
When they run squeaking about and  
jerk up their heads, windy weather is  
about to commence.

**Horses** foretell the coming of rain by  
starting more than ordinarily; and by  
restlessness on the road.

**Kine** (cattle) are said to foreshadow  
rain when they lick their forefeet; or  
lie on their right side some say that  
when they lick themselves against the  
hair is a sign of wet.

**Mice** when they squeak much and  
gambol in the house, foretell a change  
weather and often rain.

**Orbs.**—When an owl hoots or screeches,  
sitting on the top of a house or by the  
side of a window, a change of weather  
may be looked for.

**Pigeons**, when they squall by night often  
foretell a rainy day.

**Ravens**, when observed early in the  
morning at a great height in the air,  
soaring around and around, and utter-  
ing a hoarse croaking sound, indicates  
that the day will be fine. The ravens  
frequenting the shores, and dipping him-  
self in the water is also a sign of rain.

**Robin Red Breast**, when they with  
more than ordinary familiarity, lodged  
on our window frames, and peck against  
the glass with their bills, indicates  
severe weather, of which they have a  
presentiment, which brings them nearer  
to the habitations of man.

**Spiders**, when seen crawling on the  
wall more than usual, indicate rain. In  
the summer, the quantity of webs of the  
garden spiders denote fair weather.

**Sealions**, in fine and settled weather,  
fly higher in the air than they do just  
before a shower or rainy times. Then  
also swallows flying low, and skimming  
over the surface of a meadow, where  
there is tolerably long grass, frequently  
stop and hang about the blades, as if  
they were gathering insects lodged  
there.

**Toads**, when they come from their  
holes in unusual numbers in the evening,  
although the ground be still dry, fore-  
show the coming rain, which will  
generally fall more or less during the  
night.

**Woodcocks** appear in autumn earlier  
and in greater numbers previous to  
severe winters, as do snipe and other  
water-birds.

**Worms** come forth more abundantly  
before rain, as do snails, slugs and all  
limaceous animals.

A Yankee calling himself "Sam  
Hopeful," who has written some very  
good things, tells right out in "meetin'"  
why he never married after three at-  
tempts. He says:

"I once courted a gal by the name of  
Deb Hawkins. I made up my mind to  
get married. Well, while we were  
going to the altar, I stepped out and  
piddle and spattered the mud over  
Deb's new gown made out of her grand-  
mother's old chintz petticoat. When  
we got to the deacon's he asked Deb if  
she would take me for her lawful hus-  
band."

"No!" says she.  
"Reasons," says I.

"Why," says she, "I have taken a  
mislike to you."

Well, it was all up, then, but I gave  
her a string of beads, a few kisses and  
some other notions, and made it all up  
with her. So we went up to the dea-  
con's a second time. I was bound to  
get even with her this time, so when the  
deacon asked me if I would take her for  
my wedded wife I says, "No, I should  
do no such a thing."

"Why," says Deb, "what on the airth  
is the matter now?"

"Why," says I, "I have taken a mis-  
like to you."

Well, it was all over again but I gave  
her a new apron and a few other trink-  
ets, and we went up again to get mar-  
ried. We expected that we would be  
tied so fast that all nature couldn't sepa-  
rate us; but when we asked the deacon  
if he would marry us he said, "No, I  
shan't do no such a thing."

"Why, what on the airth is the rea-  
son?" says we.

"Why," says he, "I've taken a mis-  
like to both of you."

Deb burst out crying, the deacon burst  
out scolding, and I burst out laughing,  
and such a set of bursters you never did  
see; and that is the reason I never got  
married.

My chance has gone.

The following is stated by the editor  
to have come from an unknown sweet-  
heart. "We do not believe it. He  
wrote it himself in order to induce others.  
Once more, I intimate, come and see me.  
Let your 'form' all go to 'hell'.  
Never mind your types and printing.  
Come once more before 5 die.  
And it may be, if you come quick,  
That my heart-strings can be tied  
Yes, it may be—let us try it—  
I would like to have it tried."

Madam de Steel said:—"If I were  
mistress of fifty languages, I would think  
in the d'ep German, converse in the  
gay French, write in the copious Eng-  
lish, sing in the majestic Spanish  
deliver in the noble Greek, and make  
love in the soft Italian."

The Philadelphian who kissed his  
hired girl while his wife peeping through  
the key-hole will be able to be out about  
Christmas.

## Manners of the Day.

A writer in the Chicago Times de-  
plores the lack of courtesy in those days  
and illustrates as follows:

You step into a justice's office. A  
young man sits near enough a desk to  
make a foot-rack of it, reading a paper.  
You ask after the justice, and you ask  
in a tone, greatly modulated by experi-  
ence of former rebuffs, if he is in. You  
stand in waiting until the young man  
has finished his paragraph, when he  
kindly gives you the benefit of a casual  
inspection, and resumes his paper, inci-  
dentally remarking that he thinks not.

Put upon, but not discouraged, you  
resume:

"When is he likely to be in?"

"Feebly." "Can't say," devouring  
another paragraph about a boy being  
chawed up by a dog in Iowa. In doubt  
whether you may safely ask another  
question, you still muster up courage  
enough to inquire:

"Where will I be likely to find him?"

Without looking up:  
"In Milwaukee."

Irritated at this cool trifling with your  
time and patience, you demand:

"Could you not have said as much at  
first?"

Imperturbably, "If I'd been asked I  
could, old boy."

And you, who had thought yourself  
able to stand before kings, retired from  
the presence of this bold, brassy boy,  
discomfited.

A gentleman of my acquaintance, of  
the very finest sensibilities, and one to  
whom a word is severer than a blow,  
went with a lady friend to a great depot  
in this city to help her off on a journey.  
He went first to have her baggage  
checked. Pointing out her trunk to the  
man in charge, the only reply made was  
the word—

"Ticket?"

Not comprehending exactly what was  
meant, he stood a moment as one will  
who is in doubt expecting an explana-  
tion. It came:

"Go and get your ticket if you want  
your baggage checked!" roared the  
man, in the coarse, hard tone of a ruf-  
fian.

My friend got the ticket and returned.  
The trunk was put on the scales and  
proved to be over-weight.

"Dollar!" ejaculated the man.

My friend, you know, innocently sup-  
posed that baggage went with the pas-  
senger without extra charge, and there-  
fore thought he was being defrauded.  
So he said:

"I think I'll not pay the dollar, I'll  
take the trunk back and send it by ex-  
press."

"No you won't," said the baggage  
man, "you'll pay the dollar."

And he did.

A young man saw a cord in a window,  
"Four neckties for a quarter." That  
being about the amount he felt able to  
squander on neck wear, he stepped in.  
A primed and bedeviled knight of the  
ribbon stood behind the counter, and  
seemed utterly oblivious of the young  
man's approach until addressed.

"I would like some of those neckties,"  
said the young man.

"How many?" asked the clerk.

"Four."

"We can't make anything selling  
those neckties four at a time," said the  
young man in a petulant way. "We  
frequently lose a large sale while we are  
attending to these — neckties."

"I wouldn't keep 'em," said the young  
man.

**THE THERMOMETER.**—All the curses  
of all time are not too many to be heaped  
upon the head of the wretch who inven-  
ted the thermometer.

Half of the year we worry because  
the thermometer is too low, the other  
half because it is too high, the rest of  
the year because one never can tell  
whether it's going to be one way or the  
other.

The bother of it all is that the man  
invented such a long thermometer. If  
he had made it only from forty to sev-  
enty degrees, we should have never been  
troubled by its being below zero or above  
hundred heat.

For now that the thing is invented  
there is no use in cutting it shorter;  
other people will persist in keeping  
whole ones, and telling you that it's 91  
in the shade.

Prevention of Thermometers to An-  
imals. Or perhaps his objection  
wouldn't object to adding this opening  
to its brief name.

But if we had no thermometers we  
should have no ice water, because the  
doesn't freeze—no, water doesn't freeze  
—except the thermometer is below freez-  
ing point, and how could it go below  
zero if there wasn't any?

Like all things in life there are two  
sides—or two ends—to the thermom-  
eter.

Unfortunately we are at the wrong  
end just now—but "keep cool," said by-  
and-by it will be Winter.

## The Quarrels of Lovers.

The lovers' quarrel is proverbial. Per-  
sons in love with each other quarrel  
about things that they would never think  
of quarrelling about if they were not in  
love. And still their love is true. It  
is no evidence that people are not  
earnestly in love because they quarrel.

Lovers quarrel and separate. Some-  
times the scars from the breach quickly  
heal up; often they remain for ever.  
Parted lovers may never meet after;  
they may take new partners for life;  
but in many such cases their dreams by  
day, as well as by night, are of the first  
love. The sparkling dew-drop that  
glisters in the morning sun, once with-  
ered, is never, no, never reformed.

Again, some lovers quarrel during  
their courtship, marry, and then con-  
tinue to quarrel all through their lives.  
Yet they may be exceedingly fond of  
each other, and when death separates  
them, the survivor is heart-broken.

How strange this seems! We are  
enabled, however, to account for it, in  
part, upon logical principles. So much  
is expected from those we love, that we  
are easily disappointed by any little  
thing which seems to indicate a lack of  
full and perfect reciprocation. One  
was less pained at receiving his death-  
blow than at his being true to his love.

Although quarrels—aren't frequent  
quarrels—are not incompatible with true  
love, they should, nevertheless, be avoid-  
ed.

We are told of the sweetness of love  
conciliation; but sweeter far is the love  
that is never marred by harsh words  
that make a necessity for reconciliation.  
The rainbow after the storm is radiant  
in its beauty; but far more enduring is  
the Heaven of Love, in the clear blue,  
peaceful sky, over which there never  
passed so much as the shadow of a sum-  
mer cloud.

**How To Ride A Colt.**—The fol-  
lowing story is told of John Smith (we  
will suppose his name to be Smith) and  
his son Virgil, is said to be "a true bill."  
Smith had a very promising young horse  
now for the first time in training for the  
track, and we suppose is to take part in  
the race at Lone Pine on the 22d. The  
other day Virgil, a bright little boy of  
ten years, was spinning the colt around  
the track, and was making the row in  
gallant style, when the colt chided sud-  
denly and threw the boy off. The cause  
of this was that a porker had stood  
himself away in some bushes close by  
the track, a quiet spectator of the colt's  
performance, when, hog-like, he made a  
violent rush, with the result mentioned.

By the time the anxious father reached  
the ground, the boy was on his feet and  
hurt. Said the father: "Virgil, you  
don't know how to ride a colt, to let a  
little pig like that make him throw you  
off. I don't want him to go round the  
track, and I'll show you that a pig can't  
prevent him." "I'll bet you," said  
Virgil, "if a pig makes him jump like  
he did with me, he'll throw you, too."

"No he won't, Virgil! You can get in  
there, and when I ride him around you  
grunt like a pig, and I'll show you he  
done," said the older Smith. Accord-  
ingly the colt was caught and mounted by  
Smith the elder, the boy in the mean-  
time having taken his position in the  
bush to play the role of a pig, in which  
he succeeded to perfection; for when  
the sire, after a rattling run, had reached  
the proper place, he snorted like a pig,  
and tearing out of the bush,  
caused the panic-stricken horse to pile  
his rider ingloriously in the dust. Grin-  
ing himself up